

# Lil Rob, San Diego

What's up ese  
It's your homeboy  
Lil' Rob  
Representing my city to the fullest  
San Diego, Southern California  
That's where I'm from, simon

S-A-N D-I-E-G-O representado con Mano Lopalo  
Mi pa mi lado, Chicano liempo creased down with the wrinkles  
Bet you get them tingles when you listen to my singles  
Mi cate, pelonsito con marijuanito  
Got one hand on my cuete and the other on my pistol  
Siempre listo, mijito en todo  
I'm one bad motherfucker from the wrong side of town ese, mi moto  
Pero no me jolles, but I still enjoy this  
Lil' Rob controla, fucking up this rola like a bomba on the boulevard  
Cruising with the 45's, got my loaded .45's still living this Crazy Life  
I lay low like a Chevrolet, Chevrolet  
And I bust my rhymes and they come away, come away  
And I been many places but it's not the same though  
L-I-L R-O-B, S-A-N D-I-E-G-O

(Chorus)  
S-A-N D-I-E-G-O, E-G-O  
San Diego  
S-A-N D-I-E-G-O, E-G-O  
San Diego  
S-A-N D-I-E-G-O, E-G-O  
San Diego  
S-A-N D-I-E-G-O, E-G-O  
San Diego, Southern California

Though my town ain't what it used to be  
It still means everything to me  
I used to have dreams to be, something is what it made of me  
Nothing like I used to see, drug deals everyday homey  
Overdoses? Yeah usually, but the streets was so damn good to me  
Pain the walls with graffiti, all the vatos acting rough with me  
So rough so tough with me, pinche juras handcuffing me  
They never left me alone, just cuz I was pelon  
And because of my skin-tone, fuck that must be cuz I'm chingon  
And I tell it like it is, my shit's bad damn right it is  
Can't believe how tight it is, like baby Jennifer Lopez  
Leaving all you fools so please, knowing you can't fuck with this  
Say that you don't like my shit, your fucked and now you're stuck with it  
I know that you're bumping it, on the down low you be loving it  
I'm the baddest one Brown-raggin it, catch me on the street Brown-baggin it  
This one's for my city where I learned my flow  
S-A-N D-I-E-G-O, San Diego

(Chorus)

I always say stay down for the Brown  
But don't let no one get you down, don't frown  
Ready for showdowns, I got more sold than MoTown bumping in your town  
Who's got the flows now? Who's running the shows now?  
The wicked wicked Lil' Rob got it all under control now  
Go now, if you know what's good for you  
But you're one of those vatos that likes to talk away  
If you had any sense you'd swallow your foolish pride homey and walk away  
The other way, oh by the way I fly away back to my four corner room  
Like my song 4 Corner Room, tripping out like I was on shrooms  
I sit and look at the colorful things, evil, good or whatever it brings  
Spread my wings and fly away again, Lil' Rob the San Diegan

Let me know when you want to play again, play again  
Maybe next year on the Fifth of May again, May again  
But until then keep up with Lil' Rob year round  
And I'm promising you the crystal clear sound of a Mexican  
But it's time for me to go rest again  
It's time for me to go but I'll be back to flow  
Remember my name, Lil' Rob  
Know where I'm from, San Diego

(Chorus)

That's right  
That's the way we do it  
San Diego, Southern California  
Yea, 1904  
That's right  
San Diego